"Well I know the heart's unrest; Mine has been the common quest To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine; At my feet as on a shrine

Love has laid its gifts divine With their sweetness came regret, And sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied, 'Hands that ope, but to receive

Empty close; they only live Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed with moistening eye Love is sweet in any guise; But its best is sacrifice.

"He who, giving, does not crave Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives Sows surprise of ripened sheaves, -{John G. Whittier.

## A Marriage Ceremony.

The celebrated wit, Dean Swift, after he had gone to bed one night was called up by a rupaway couple, who wished to be married. He told them as he leaned from his upper chamber window that he was undressed, and as they were probably in a hurry on account of a threatening storm, if for no other reason, that he would marry them where they stood. He put the necessary preliminary questions, and then proceeded: inder the window in stormy weather,

marry this man and woman together et non but Him who rules the thunder Put this man and woman asunder. He Wasn't Quite Dead Yet.

[[Exchange.] A young society lady went back on the young man to whom she was engaged, because he drank. A few days after she had told him she would never speak to him again, a little negro boy brought a note from the wretched young man, birt

which read as follows: "Faithless, yet still beloved, Fanny: majority. I will be a corpse. See that I am decently buried, and shed a silent tear over my tomb in remembrance of | boy who saved her life. the days gone by. Your dead, George,

When the young lady had finished reading the note she asked the little negro who brought it, what he was waiting

"De gemman tole me ter wait fer an

LOVE'S INSPIRATION. How the Dream of a Newsboy's Life

Promises to be Realized. [New York Telegram.]

An illustration of how the course of hu man events can be changed by a simple action came to notice in a Western city a few days since.

The principal actor in the tale of romance and heroism was a poor newsboy, and the scene was in Denver. The brave lad's name is withheld from the public for various reasons. He has been known heretofore among his companions simply

He went to Denver from a small town in Iowa about a year ago. He had been left an orphan by the death of his par ents in the latter place, and with the characteristic American idea of going West he had boarded a freight train, and by the good nature of some of the con ductors and brakemen, and by hiding from the argus eyes of others he had at length reached the goal of his ambition and landed in Denver. Beautiful-it seemed to him on his arrival, with its long rows of handsome dwellings and stately stores, whose well-stocked windows filled to the utmost his ideas of th

promised land. Ted was a bright little fellow, who, in spite of the neglect and the bad company into which he had been thrown, preserved a certain measure of self-respect and pride. He was withal ambitious, and it was the one dream of his life to make money enough to educate himself and be able to read the papers he sold, and master the mysteries of books, especially those of travel. He was also an admirer of the beautiful and had a vein of senti ment in his composition which would hardly have been expected.

One of his chief recreations, when all his papers were sold, was to go to a pretty cottage on Champs street and, look sometimes for hours through the pretty grounds surrounding the house, vet it was not wholly the garden and flowers which attracted him, but something far prettier, for which he waited sometimes until dusk had come, this was a little fairy not as old as he, who with her flaxen curls, rosy face and roguish blue eyes had, all unknown to herself, captivated him and made of herself the shrine at which he daily wor

YELW .

Semetimes when the weather was bad for days at a time he did not get in glimpse of her, and these were dark days indeed for him; and a light seemed to have gone out of his life. She was present with him in his thoughts night and day, and although she did not know and had never even spoken to the ragged little newsboy she yet was his guardian angel and the thoughts of her kept bim from doing many things that the other boys did that he conceived she would not approve of if she knew of them. The dream for it was but little more, so far as its reality to him was concerned grew day by day, until it became a part and parcel of

- One day Ted, who sometimes did little chores around the office, was sent by the foreman with a package to a house on Broadway. Taking his papers with him thinking he would do a little business on his way back, he ran up the street, and soon performed his errand. As he was coming down the steps hisattention, was galloping furiously toward him. At a

the rail with a death-like clasp. instant he recognized the angel of his dreams, the perpetual companion of his thoughts, and without any idea of conand caught the bridle of the fright he held on valiantly, checking, materially the horse's speed, until a passerby ran to his assistance and relieved him

from his perilous position. He presented a pitiable appearance, being covered with dust and blood from some serious wounds in the head. Head was picked up and carried to the sidewalk, where he fainted from loss of

Toloodolno The little lady for whom he risked his tife was safe and sound, having sustained no logury other than from fright. It seemed that her father had gotten out the buggy to fix a buckle in the barness leaving his daughter on the seat, when the horse took fright at a barking dog and dashed down the street at a terrific rate before he could be secured.

Not many moments elapsed after the horse was stopped before the frightened father came running up, expecting that his little daughter had been thrown ou and killed. Finding, however, that she had not been harmed, he turned his attention to her preserver, who lay bleedng on the sidewalk, with his poor garments in tatters and a terrible wound in the head caused by striking a stone while being dragged.

Mr. Carleton, the gentleman, summoned a back passing by, and, sending his own horse home, lifted the lifeless form of the boy, tenderly placed it on one of the seats of the carriage, and with his daughter took the other. The little maiden, full of pity for him, with tears in her eyes tied her handkerchief, bearing her name, around his poor head to try and staunch the flow of blood. The driver was directed to the hospital, where medical attendance was at once obtained and everything done that could be for the wounded boy.

Mr. Carleton called frequently at the hospital to ascertain the condition of the brave lad. The boy lay in a stupor for some time. This was followed by nigh fever. Early the next morning was wide awake and in a flutter of expectation, watching the door every My sufferings are more than I can bear, time it opened, with his big, brown eyes, I cannot live without your love. I have | for the visit of his little sweatheart. He therefore, just taken poison, the effects | had not long to wait, however, for soon of which I am already beginning to the door opened and a fine-looking feel. When you read these lines I will gentleman, leading by the hand a little already have joined the great silent | girl, entered and advanced to the bedside. Taking his hand he called his daughter, who talked earnestly with the

At the end of a week Ted's condition had so much improved that Mr. Carleton thought he could be removed and resolved to take him to his home A carriage was brought and Ted, in

delirium of happiness, soon found himself in the beautiful home of his protector. Ted in the the meantime had told his story, and Mr. Carleton had resolved that his ambition for an education should answered. Two hundred and fifty letbe gratified, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered he was placed at school where he made rapid progress. He is ten cents each and young Kelly cleared still living at the happy home on \$4.70 by the transaction. A hundred Champa street and is one of the most | more letters await his call at the postpromising pupils of the High School, office, but the probabilities are that he and gives evidence of becoming a useful | will not further bother himself about

New Proverbs. A white lie often told makes a black

It's a poor musician who can't blow nis own trumpet. He who would eat the egg must first

The man who wishes to continue be

Look after your wife; never mind ourself, she'll look after you. The want of money is the root of much Egotism is an alphabet with one let

If von'd know a man's character, fo

Men love women; women love a man The surest road to honor is to deserve

Only whisper scandal and its echo It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best. Home is the rainbow of life.

Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a worry invite death

Love's Young Dream.

George-"Ah, my dear boy, so glad ing a gilded cage for your pretty bird. "Algernon-"I've not been after any bird eages. You must have got things

"Oh, no, only speaking in metaphor, my dear boy. I mean that you had your eye on a lovely little house which you expected to buy for your home after your marriage with that dear girl, Miss De Rich. What a charming wife you will have."

"Oh! ah! yes, yes, I understand now."
"You secured the house, I suppose?" "I got the refusal of it." "And Miss De Rich; she accepted you,

Well, I got the refusal of her, tooflat refusal, bajove."

An Experiment With Army Food A new experiment is being tried at Muenster, Westphalla, by the German War Department.

A special company, under a separate command, has been selected from the regiment of old soldiers stationed there, for the purpose of testing the new diet to be given the men during a formight, within which time they are to go fully equipped for six hours daily through a regular field-service exercise. The food consists chiefly of preserves and material such as is least exposed to deterioration a murder in it, that's about all. Now, in a campaign, and may in case of need be carried by the men in their haversacks. Strict watch is kept that none of the men procure other food outside, in order to test both their own endurance and physical condition, and at the same time the nutritious qualities of the provisions.

bat Emerson's Mysticism.

a Just I (River Wendell Holmes) Too much has been made of Emerson's mysticism. He was an intellectual rather than an emotional mystic, and ment, he saw a sight which nearly froze withal a cautious one. He never let go him with horror. Sitting on the seat the atring of his balloon. He never with face blanched with terror was a threw over all his ballast of common the wind behind her and holding on to in which a rational being could breathe. Coming Together.

The cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis

expended over \$7,000,000 each in new buildings last year. Minneapolis, according to its claims, has in four years jumped from a popu-

At this rate the two cities will touch one another and be united under one municipality. When that occurs Chicago will cease to be the great dis tributing point of the northwest. The territory commanded by St. Paul is quite. as large as that which gave Chicago its | prodigious growth. Chicago has probably reached its highest annual rate, and henceforward that rate will be less than it has been. The only drawback to the rivalry of St. Paul is the exteme cold of the winter climate in that vast dominion tributary to it. But St. Paulsburg will

northwest. I syragan'l of Well An Enterprising Gang of Burglars.

probably be the St. Petersburg of the

[Good Cheer.] A New Haven family were a great leal annoyed by the frequent robbery of their larder, a small outhouse behind their dwelling. Legs of lamb and other articles were devoured or carried off, and no one could tell how.

One of the servants determined to dis ever the delinquent. She accordingly watched, and one night found that the thieves were a set of cats belonging to the neighborhood.

The larder had a latch which had to be pressed down in opening the door. No cat could properly press it down by springing from the ground.

There was, however, an adjoining wall, rom which cats might leap and risk the depression of the latch as they success ively passed. This is what they did: they leaped from the wall, one after the other, each trying to depress the latch as it passed, until one cat, more fortunate than the others, made the needful depression with its paws. The door immediately was opened, and a leg of mutton. which had been the object of seige, was secured.

## A Youthful Swindler. [Brookly Eagle,]

A smooth-faced boy, with a spot of ink on his cheek, stood between two detectives and a police captain and confessed that he had attempted to swindle certain credulous persons in a small way, by advertising for young men to go to Mon-

As a preliminary the young men were each to enclose a two cent stamp for reply. A New York morning paper, which makes a specialty of cheap advertising, was relected as the medium. Three insertions from his plausibly worded scheme brought him a shoul of letters containing stamps.

An office in Fulton street, near the City Hall, was designated as the place where the epistles would be received and ters were received, each enclosing a two cent stamp. The advertisements cost them. The justice sent the boy home with a severe reprimand.

## Fighting a Coyote. [Elko Free Press.]

Traver, who drives the Bullion stage, had quite an adventure with a wounded coyote on his trip out recently. Just on the other side of the Hot Springs be saw a covote standing in the road some distance ahead of his team. Having his and wounded it in the breast, also breaking one of its fore legs.

He then drove up to where the coyote was kicking around in the dust of the road, and got down from his wagon to finish the job by knocking Mr. Coyote in the head. As he started around the head of his team the covote made a dash at the nearest horse's leg, which it was about to seize, when met by the heavy boot on Traver's right boot. This seemed only to increase the savageness of the beast, which now turned upon the driver, attempting to get at his throat, Traver succeeded in keeping it at bay until be got back into the wagon: He then commenced to put a "cartridge in his rifle, but had hardly got started when, happening to look around, he saw the coyote upon the wagon, and not two feet from where he stood, making toward him with snapping jaws and blood-shot

Not having time to finish loading, to see you. You remember the last Traver clubbed his rifle, and, by a lucky conversation, their disposition, character little house easily enough, and knocked time we met you were thinking of buy- blow, knocked the beast off the wagon. or appearance, and we eagerly accept it. on the outer door which stood ajar, but he coyote again made the attempt to and its contents sent into the body of the | know," hence acceptable. maddened beast.

## WHAT A CENT WILL BUY. The Meagre Expenditure Possible With a Solitary Copper.

[Philadelphia Press.]

The man who has only a cent is very little better off than the man who without a cent. Hardly anything of value to life can be purchased for a cent and indeed the familiar copper coin way not inaptly described by a Washington avenue tramp as "a coin of exceptional aggravatinguess." The wandering gentleman had seen better days, and, although there are doubtless times when his mouth can equal his nose in disreputable de meanor, the polite overtures and cigar of the newspaper man were received with sentences of appreciation betraying a past which included education.

"As I take it," said he, "a cent is just the amount of money the street car peo ple swindle out of every passenger and cents in piles are not to be despised or else you can buy an evening paper with | pils. as I don't ride in cars, and I don't care much about the new police regulations which I read in the paper, I always wait his edition of "Libanus," one day was until I get another cent, because with two cents I can get a dip of rum. Its had liquer, but don't it tickle your throat?" and the wandering gentleman

chewed for a while on his tongue. A cent is the meanest coin on 'earth." he continued with vehemence. "Old ladies would always give you a nickle and so would benevolent old gentlemen. only the cents come handiest-of course

you get for it? Nothing; not even enough bread to kill hunger for a while-thank you, sir," and the tramp slouched away with an eleemosynary dime, down Seventh street, slumwards, and disappeared through the portals of the Biaz-

Close to that unsavory hostelrie there are several little stores called "general shops," where the very poor buy nearly all their necessities. The newspaper man entered one of the stores and, finding an old acquaintance of former stories behind the counter, was soon in discussion on the cent and what can be obtained for that

"I guess a good many of my customers are cent ones," said the store-keeper, a brawny Irishman, "but its precious little there ain't more than four bites in it, or you can take your choice of crackers, two the cashier was called upon, year after of them, or four of these, or one of them, but they would be no use to a hungry man. You can buy a head of cabbage for a cent, but the cabbage, ain't no use without a fire to cook it, unless you're a goat or a rabbit. Then you can get a bit of soap, brown, course stuff, which makes everything smell what it washes, cent's worth of snuff, or tobacco, or a skein of thread, or two needles, or one pickle, or one onion, or apple, or sticks of wood, enough to start a fire, or a short tallow candle, or a paper of pins, or two ounces of flour, or a little vinegar or some coal oil. The oil is about the best thing you can get, as it is enough to keep a lamp burning all night. Then you can buy two envelopes or two sheets of writing paper, a box of matches, six gum drops, a monkey on a stick, a shoelace, a small package of pepper, starch, or a good lump of salt, or a large handful of soda, and that's about the list.

"It's the five-cent piece that is the coin of the poor of this country, not the cent. In England a penny can buy good meal. There are soup kitchens all over London where you can get a bowl of thick pea broth or stewedeels for one copper, or you can buy a large piece of fried fish, or a bag of fried potatoes, or half a pint of beer or porter, or half pound or more of bread, or a rasher of bacon, or a sheep's tongue, or a big plate of Irish stew, made of potatoes and Australian mutton, or a thick slice of plum pudding, or a plateful of pease pudding. You can quite satisfy your hunger for a penny in London, just as you can for a five-cent piece here, but you can't do it for a cent, and I hope you will never

have to try." A young woman entered the store dirty and unkempt but good-looking, and purchased a cent's worth of snuff. "That's the former wife of the blind beggar,"said the store keeper, 'the Press wrote all about the marriage three years ago. She's left him now, got divorced, she says, and now she's taken to snuff and a young man as mends un brellas.

Cleveland Leader.1 "All things are big with jest," said Herbert, and a certain learned and noted preacher recently wrote an excellent

article showing that the Bible, the best of books, has a vein of humor running through parts of it. " Jokes are as "old as the hills." They

came into existence with man, and have kept pace with him, and in this age of rapid transit, travel around the world in less than eighty days, making the boary world laugh and grow fat.

No matter that the jokes that come from all quarters of the globe, and seem so new and rich to us, are the same old jokes that the learned and serious an cients laughed over thousands of years ago. The man who is too serious to enrifle with him Traver fired at the beast | joy a good laugh over a good joke is too serious to live.

There is something woefully deficient in the composition of such a one, and he caunot be a pleasant companion, bence must find life something of a burden. It is an almost incomprehensive fact that the men who have laughed longest and loudest over a witty story or a rich joke are men of the greatest learning and deepest thought, philosophers, sages, preachers, lawyers, editors, and all pre

fessional people. It is not possible for two well-read or well-educated men to be together an hour, no matter how important the business that called the meeting, without one or both relating a good joke or story, or an anecdote of some man great and famous in his day.

There is no trait of character so strongy developed in human nature as curiosity, and it is curiosity that makes us listen so eagerly to everything that is told of both the dead and living; their Whether it be true or false, kind or unreach him, but the gun was soon loaded kind, is no affair of ours; it is "good to

## Faults of Our School System. [B. F. Butler.]

We school the children too much. That is to say, we keep them at school all the year round: we continually force their perceptive and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties. In other words they don't reflect upon what they have learned or We cram them with too many studies.

but four months schooling in the year, will come to Boston more matured in his education than one who has had nine months' schooling in the year?

In our city schools there is too much teaching and too little learning. By that I mean to say that the great press of studies placed upon the young mind oral teaching for a few minutes at a time. the day, tend to break up the continuity of the pupil's thought, and the oral ad dresses and lectures receive but little attention from the tired minds of the pu-

Acknowledged Her Worth. Frederick Morel, the great scholar nd eminent printer, while employed on

I have only two or three sentences to translate and then I will come and take a

old that his wife was suddenly taken

A second message informed him that she was dying. "I have only two words to write, and I will be there as soon as you," replied the philosopher. At length he was told that his wife was dead. "I you say thank you, sir, and 'Gawd am very sorry for it, indeed," said he, bless you, mnm, but you feel inclined going on with his work; "she was a very to chuck it back, anybow, What can honest woman." Corne, the Italian.

[Youth's Companion.] The author of 'Reminiscences of Newbort" bas preserved several apecdotes this Raijan, who introduced the tomato o Newport tables. One of them illusrates the fact that "life tables"

ased on the average duration of life. and that some persons, like Sir Moses Monterflore, apparently set the ordinary laws of longevity at defiance. In his seventy-third year Corne was per-

suaded to buy an annuity. The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, on his payment of one thousand fi hundred and seventy dollars, agreed to pay him one hundred dollars every six month during his life. The old man that they get. You can buy this roll," lived fifteen years to enjoy his annuity showing a very diminutive loaf, "but He received in all \$3,000, much to the surprise and loss of the company. As year, to make payments to this persistent abnuitant, it seemed as if the company had caught a Methuselah.

> With a laugh that almost choked him the old Italian used to say, as he received his semi annual check-

"De Prezzedent he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time. He no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My. grandfather he die when he one hundred, my father when be one hundred and two. and I-I live forevea!"

# "She Busted"

[Detroit Free Press.] In going over the battle-field at Mal vern Hill we came across one of the monster shells thrown from the gunboats in Turkey Bend. An hour later in going up the Varuna road we met tour colored men driving a mule and cart and told them of the location of the relic. They hurried off to get it and we

went into the National Cemetery. Just as the party were ready to return to Richmond the mule belonging to the colored gang came clattering past, having the thills dragging behind him. He was pretty closely followed by one of the | mother negroes, who went by us at a 2:40 gait and would not stop to answer questions. In about five minutes a second one came up, hat off and face covered with blood. As he stopped to pant he was asked what had happened

"Aren't you one of the men who went

"'Deed I is, an' I'ze one of de men who found it, too!

'What happened?' "We dum sot out to broke him up wid de ax. De mewl has gone by, Julius Henery has gone by, an' heah I is, while de rest of de crowd am makin' fur de Jeems Riber and pickin' out pieces of iron as dey fly! Dat shell up an' went an' 'sploded onto us. She busted!

# AN EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

[Mrs. H. A. Cheever, in Christian Union.] "No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please." "Think there isn't any money in it?"

"There would probably be some money in it, but it would, as you know, come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls 'home,' but I don't want to meddle with the matter, any-

"Got frightened out of it eh?" "No, I wasn't frightened out of it." "I suppose likely the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"And you caved, likely?" "No, I didn't speak a word to him."

"Well-yes he did."

"Oh, he did all the talking, did he?" "And you never said a word?" "Not a word."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, "What in creation did you do?" "I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, "No I didn't say so; he didn't speak a

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he addressed in your hearing?"

"God Almighty." "Ah! he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit, in the least. You see"-the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee and began stroking his lower leg up and down, as if to help state his case concisely-"you see, I found the nobody heard me, so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of another door just as cozy a sitting-room as there ever was.

"There on a bed, with her silver head

way up high on the pillows, was an old

lady who looked for all the world just as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth. Well I was right on the point of knocking, when she said as clearv as could be, "Come, father, now begin I'm all ready,"and down on his knees by her side went an old white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; attempt to apply it in their own minds, and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began: first he re-How else is the fact to be accounted minded God they were still his submisfor that a child in the country, having sive children, mother and he, no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them, shouldn't rebel at His will! Of course twas going to be terrible hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless, but still they'd seen sadder things than ever that would be. He reminded God in the next place how differ? ent all might have been if only one of and a different study most every hour in their boys had been spared them; then his voice kind of broke, and a thin white hand stold from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons-unless mother and he should be separated. But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that the mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the alms house, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be censistent with God's will; and then he tell to quoting a multitude of promises their trust in the Lord; yes, I should say polygamy; for such as have sentered pos he begged hard; in fact it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened; law. It will split the church in twain; and at last he prayed for God's blessing the irrepressibles will go away; those on those who were about to demand who think the laws of the United States justice"-the lawyer stroked his lower are good enough for them will remain.

then continued, more slowly

'And-I-believe L'd rather go to the porhouse myself to-night, than to stain ly heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that.' "Little afraid to defeat the old man's

prayer, eby Bless vour soul, man, you couldn't lefeat it!" roared the lawyer. "It doesn't admit of defeat; I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he left no loubt as to his wishes in the matter; claimed that we were told to make our lesires unto God; but of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear this prayer I'm sure I don't know, but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting up easily, "you hadn't told me about old fellow's prayer.'

Why so? "Well I want confoundedly the money he place would bring, but I was taught the Bible all straight when I was youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to such a harangue as that you tell about. I wish you hadn't heard a word of it; and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for your ears."

The lawver smiled. "My dear fellow," he said "you're wrong again; it was intended for my ears and yours, too, and Ged Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing ! about God'o moving in a mysterious way

"Well my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted his claimpapers in his fingers. "You call in the morning, if you like, and tell them the claim has been met.

"In a mysterious way," added the lawver sm iling.

Company Manners. [Early Dews.]

"Sit down, will you, please, and wait a moment till mother comes," said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her

"And will you give me a glass of water. Martha?' asked one of the ladies. "I an very thirsty." "With pleasure," answered Martha

"Pow-powerful times, boss," he gasped goblets of water on a small waiter, which she passed to both ladies. "Oh, thank you," said the other lady, you are very thoughtful."

and she presently came back with tw

When Martha went out of the room ne of the ladies said: "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her man-

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back into the "Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobbie, catching hold of his sister's dress

and screwing up his rosy lips. "Get out, Bob!" cried Martha, "go to "Don't speak so to your little brother."

aid Bridget. "It is none of your business what I ay," cried Martha, tossing back he "Martha!" That is grandmother call-

og from the top of the stairs. "What?" screamed Martha back. "Please come here, dear," said grand-

"I don't want to," muttered Martha. She, however, dragged herself up stairs. Unwilling feet, you know, find

"Martha," said grandma, "will wou try to find my specs? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining room, "No, you didn't," cried Marths, in cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up bere," and she rumaged round the chamber, tumbling things

over like the north wind. "No matter," said the dear old lady seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again; "no matter, Martha; they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for by and by. Martha left her and then

went down stairs with a pout, Ob. dear, where are Martha's civil obliging manners? Why, those are ber company manners. She puts them on in the parlor, and puts them of when she leaves the parlor. She wears them be fore visitors, and bangs them up when they are gone. You see she has no man ners at home; she is cross, and disoblig ing and rude and selfish. She forgets that home is the first place to be polite in-ip the kitchen as well as in the parlor. There is no spot in the house where good manners can be dispensed with.

# [Merchaut Traveler.]

Stories on Edgar Johnson, the lawyer are collecting. On one occasion he and another lawyer had a consultation with a Judge, and, after hearing a part of the which are of great benefit in cases of imperfect digescase, the Judge offered a suggestion. "We are agreed on that," said both of

The Judge offered another. "We are agaeed on that," they sang

The Judge came up with another. "We are agreed on that."

Then the Judge bit upon a point that was particularly twisted, and, after puz

bottling and selling another zling over it, he said: "Well, I don' preparation upon the reputaeem to have any sense at all." "We are agreed on that," blurted ou tion of my Genuise Malt Extract Edgar, and paid for the drinks: The next one is on Mr. Johnson. H

was arguing a case before Judge Storer and there arose some interruptions, and the talking became general. "There's too much talking in the court BEWARE of IMITATIONS! room," said the Court warningly and

with irritation.

"I haven't been saying anything, your Honor," replied Edgar, taking the censure to himself. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson, responded the Judge politely, "but I

hour or more. The argument closed shortly after.

have been aware of that fact for the last

Mormons Seeking a New Zion,

sali livitsalt Lake Tribunettene Livida There is scarcely a doubt that the Mormons are about to try to found a colony in Mexico. If they succeed it will be a blessed thing, for it will make concerning the safety of those who put a nucleus for such as are bound to enter lygamy since the passage of the Edmand



Established in 1847 by JOHANN HOFF, Royal Pruswith the Crown, and owner of the Hobersollem Medal of Merit, Purveyor of almost all Sovereigns of Europe, Inventor and first manufacturer of the Malt Extract

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